

A KING, AND NO KING.

By Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

Persons Represented in the Play

Arbaces, King of Iberia  
Tigranes, King of Armenia  
Arane, the Queen-Mother.  
Panthea, her daughter  
Gobrias, Lord Protector, and father of Arbaces  
Spaconia, a lady, daughter of Ligones  
Ligones, mother of Spaconia  
Bacurius, another Lord  
Mardonius & Bessus, two Captains  
One gentlemen  
A messenger, Two swordsmen,

**Act I, Scene 1**

*Enter MARDONIUS and BESSUS, two captains.*

MARDONIUS. Bessus, the King has made a fair hand on't. He has ended the wars at a blow. Would my sword had a close basket hilt to hold wine, and the blade would make knives, for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

BESSUS. We that are Commanders shall do well enough.

MARDONIUS. Faith, Bessus, such Commanders as thou may; I had as lief set thee perdie for a pudding i'th' dark, as Alexander the Great.

BESSUS. I love these jests exceedingly.

MARDONIUS. I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus. I'll say so much i'thy behalf, and yet thou 'rt valiant enough upon a retreat. I think thou wouldst kill any man that stopt thee if thou couldst.

BESSUS. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

MARDONIUS. Why, didst thou see't?

BESSUS. You stood wi'me.

MARDONIUS. I did so, but me thought thou wink'dst every blow they strook.

BESSUS. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I that never saw two Princes fight in lists.

MARDONIUS. By my troth I think so too Bessus, many a thousand, but certainly all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

BESSUS. 'Twas bravely done of our King.

MARDONIUS. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

BESSUS. To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's own country in single combat.

MARDONIUS. See how thy blood curdles at this, I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i'this passion.

BESSUS. Shall I tell you truly?

MARDONIUS. Ay.

BESSUS. I could willingly venture for't.

MARDONIUS. Um, no venture neither, Bessus.

BESSUS. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

MARDONIUS. Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

BESSUS. Famed! Ay, I warrant you.

MARDONIUS. I'm e'en heartily glad on't, I have been with thee e're since thou cam'st to th'wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

BESSUS. The Christian world.

MARDONIUS. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em in my conscience. Thou deserv'st it not.

BESSUS. Yes, I ha' done good service.

MARDONIUS. I do not know how thou mayst wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility of shifting of a trencher, but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

BESSUS. You saw me do the service yourself.

MARDONIUS. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus. Where was it, is the place vanished?

BESSUS. At Bessus Desp'rate Redemption.

MARDONIUS. At Bessus Desp'rate Redemption? Where's that?

BESSUS. There where I redeemed the day, the place bears my name.

MARDONIUS. Pray thee, who christened it?

BESSUS. The soldiers.

MARDONIUS. If I were not a very merrily dispos'd man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field. Did not I beat thee there i'th' head o'th' troops with a trunchion, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

BESSUS. True, but I did not run.

MARDONIUS. Right, Bessus, I beat thee out on't.

BESSUS. But came I not up when the day was gone, and redeemed all?

MARDONIUS. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meantst to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ranst upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'st, as I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always and run away upon th' enemy, thou shouldst be General by this light.

BESSUS. You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

MARDONIUS. No more such words, dear Bessus, for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceedest, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

BESSUS. Come, our King's a brave fellow.

MARDONIUS. He is so, Bessus. I wonder how thou cam'st to know it. But if thou wer't a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vainglorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful in extremity in an hour. Do not think me thy friend for this, for if I car'd who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is with his prey in his foot.

*Enter the Two Kings ARBACES and TIGRANES and one GENTLEMEN.*

ARBACES. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away  
From my full victory. Am I become  
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve  
When I o'recome him? You are as free as I.  
To be my prisoner, is to be more free  
Than you were formerly, and never think  
The man I held worthy to combat me  
Shall be used servilely. Thy ransom is

To take my only sister to thy wife.  
A heavy one, Tigranes, for she is  
A lady that the neighbour Princes send  
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind  
To her, Tigranes, she but nine years old  
I left her, and ne're saw her since. Now fame  
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers  
Make me believe she is a miracle.  
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke  
But of her eye, Tigranes.

TIGRANES.                   Is't the course of  
Iberia to use their prisoners thus?  
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces,  
I should not thus have talk'd. Sir, in Armenia  
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper  
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion  
Perhaps to brag.

ARBACES.       Be you my witness earth,  
Need I to brag, doth not this captive Prince  
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts  
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?  
Should I then boast? I could tell the world  
How I have laid his Kingdom desolate  
By this sole arm prop't by divinity,  
Stript him out of his glories, and have sent  
The pride of all his youth to people graves,  
And made his virgins languish for their loves.  
Tigranes, nay did I but take delight  
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,  
I could amaze my hearers.

MARDONIUS.                So you do.

ARBACES. A little glory in a soldier's mouth  
Is well-becoming, be it far from vain.

MARDONIUS. 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk.

ARBACES. I offer you my sister, and you answer  
I do insult, a Lady that no suit  
Nor treasure, nor thy crown could purchase thee,



In peace, as I in war; she'll conquer too.  
You shall see if you have the power to stand  
The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,  
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom  
Some other way, but if she be your choice,  
She frees you. To Iberia you must.

TIGRANES. Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance,  
And will obey, but give me leave to talk  
In private with some friends before I go.

ARBACES. Some to await him forth, and see him safe,  
But let him freely send for whom he please,  
And none dare to disturb his conference,  
                    This prince, Mardonius,       *Exit TIGRANES*  
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces  
Man can receive.

MARDONIUS.       And yet you conquered him.

ARBACES. And yet I conquered him, and could have done't  
Hadst thou joined with him, though thy name in arms  
Be great. Must all men that are virtuous  
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?  
I conquered him and bravely, did I not?

BESSUS. And please your Majesty, I was afraid at first.

MARDONIUS. When wert thou other?

ARBACES. Of what?

BESSUS. That you would not have spy'd your best advantages, for your  
Majesty in my opinion lay too high, methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

MARDONIUS. Like a tailor at a wake.

ARBACES. Pish,  
Did not I take him nobly?

MARDONIUS.                   Why you did,  
And you have talked enough on't.





ARBACES.               Thou drawest thy words,  
That I must wait an hour, where other men  
Can hear in instants. I want power else  
Mardonius would speak at my request.  
Were you my King, I would have answered at  
Your word, Mardonius. I pray you speak,  
And truly, did I boast?

MARDONIUS.            Truth will offend you.

ARBACES. You take all great care what will offend me,  
When you dare to utter such things as these.  
MARDONIUS. You told Tigranes you had won his land  
With that sole arm prop't by divinity.  
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,  
That daily ventured lives?

ARBACES.                Oh that thy name  
Were as great as mine, would I strike thee dead.  
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites  
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

BESSUS. The King rages extremely, shall we slink away? He'll strike us.

GENTLEMAN. Content.

ARBACES. There I would make you know 'twas this sole arm.  
I grant you were my instruments, and did  
As I commanded you, but 'twas this arm  
Moved you like wheels, it moved you as it pleased.  
*[Exeunt all but ARBACES.*  
Why, now they leave me all. Mardonius.                                   *and MARDONIUS.]*

MARDONIUS.                                    Sir.

ARBACES. Will you leave me quite alone? Methinks  
Civility should teach you more than this,  
If I were but your friend. Stay here and wait.

MARDONIUS. Sir, shall I speak?

ARBACES.                                    Why, you would now think much

To be denied, but I can scarce entreat  
What I would have. Do, speak.

MARDONIUS.                     But will you hear me out?

ARBACES. With me you article to talk thus. Well,  
I will hear you out.

MARDONIUS.     Sir, that I have ever loved you,  
My sword hath spoken for me. That I do,  
If it be doubted, I dare call an oath,  
A great one to my witness; and were  
You not my King, from amongst men, I should  
Have chose you out to love above the rest.

ARBACES. Alas, Mardonius, rise. You shall not kneel.  
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives.  
And where there is no difference in men's worths,  
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee,  
Mardonius? Thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong.

MARDONIUS. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

ARBACES. And so I will. Speak freely, for from thee  
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

MARDONIUS. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities  
That do eclipse your virtues.

ARBACES.                     Eclipse my virtues?

MARDONIUS.   Yes,  
Your passions, which are so manifold, that they  
Appear even in this. When I commend you,  
You hug me for that truth. But when I speak your faults,  
You make a start, and fly the hearing out.

ARBACES. When you commend me? Oh that I should live  
To need such commendations. If my deeds  
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,  
I were most wretched. Spare your idle praise.  
Because I see thy envy.

MARDONIUS. However you will use me after, yet  
For your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

ARBACES. I will, and after call unto the winds,  
For they shall lend as large an ear as I  
To what you utter. Speak.

MARDONIUS.                Would you but leave  
These hasty tempers, which I do not say  
Take from you all your worth, but darken 'em,  
Then you will shine indeed.

ARBACES.                Well.

MARDONIUS.                Yet I would have  
You keep some passions, lest men should take you  
For a god, your virtues are such.

ARBACES.                Why, now you flatter.

MARDONIUS. I never understood the word. Were you  
No king, and free from these moods, should I  
Choose a companion for wit and pleasure,  
It should be you. Or for honesty to interchange  
My bosom with, it should be you. Or wisdom  
To give me counsel, I would pick out you.  
For you are fit To fight for all the world,  
Now I have spoke, consider  
To yourself, find out a use. If so, then what  
Shall fall to me is not material.

ARBACES. Is not material? More than ten such lives,  
As mine, Mardonius, it was nobly said,  
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth  
As might offend another. I have been  
Too passionate and idle, thou shalt see  
A swift amendment, but I want those parts  
You praise me for. I fight for all the world?  
Give me a sword, and thou wilt go as far  
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years,  
I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me  
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee,  
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,

So thou wilt pardon me: that thou and I  
Should differ thus!

MARDONIUS. Why 'tis no matter, sir.

ARBACES. Faith but it is, but thou dost ever take  
All things I do, thus patiently, for which  
I never can requite thee, but with love,  
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I  
Have not been merry lately. Pray thee tell me  
Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear?

MARDONIUS. Why, at the taking of a town.

ARBACES. A wench  
Upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,  
Gave thee that jewel.

MARDONIUS. Wench! They respect not me.  
I'm old and rough, and every limb about me,  
But that which should, grows stiffer. I'those businesses  
I may swear I am truly honest. For I pay  
Justly for what I take, and would be glad  
To be at a certainty.

ARBACES. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

MARDONIUS. Ay, by this light do they.

ARBACES. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

MARDONIUS. Yes, faith.

ARBACES. And do they improve themselves?

MARDONIUS. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted  
with.

ARBACES. How canst live on't?

MARDONIUS. Why, I think I must petition to you.

ARBACES. Thou shalt take them up at my price.

*Enter GENTLEMAN and BESSUS*

MARDONIUS. Your price?

ARBACES. Ay, at the King's price.

MARDONIUS. That may be more than I'm worth.

BESSUS. Is he not merry now?

GENTLEMAN. I think not.

BESSUS. He is, he is. We'll show ourselves.

ARBACES. Bessus, I thought you had been in Iberia by this. I bade you haste. Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

BESSUS. And please your Majesty, I have a suit.

ARBACES. Is't not lousy, Bessus? What is't?

BESSUS. I am to carry a lady with me.

ARBACES. Then thou hast two suits.

BESSUS. And if I can prefer her to the Lady Penthea, your Majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

ARBACES. So many nights lodgings as 'tis thither, wilt not?

BESSUS. I know not that, sir, but gold I shall be sure of.

ARBACES. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

BESSUS. If I can.

ARBACES. Faith, 'tis a very disputable question, and yet I think thou canst decide it.

BESSUS. Your Majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

ARBACES. I have so good an opinion of it. 'Tis whether thou be valiant.

BESSUS. Somebody has traduced me to you. Do you see this sword, sir?

ARBACES. Yes.

BESSUS. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER. Health to your Majesty.

ARBACES. From Gobrias?

MESSENGER. Yes sir.

ARBACES. How does he? Is he well?

MESSENGER. In perfect health.

ARBACES. Take that for thy good news. A trustier servant to his prince there lives not, than is good Gobrias.

1 GENTLEMAN. The King starts back.

MARDONIUS.           He alters strangely.

ARBACES. The hand of Heaven is on me.  
Mardonius, my mother....

MARDONIUS.           Is she dead?

ARBACES. Alas she's not so happy. Thou dost know  
How she hath laboured since my father died  
To take by treason hence this loathed life,  
That would but be to serve her. I have pardoned,  
And pardoned, and by that have made her fit  
To practice new sins, not repent the old.  
She now had stirred a slave to come from thence,  
And strike me here, whom Gobrias sifting out,  
Took and condemned and executed there,  
Heaven let me but live To pay that man.

MARDONIUS. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head.

Vex not yourself.

ARBACES.           What will the world  
Conceive of me? With what unnatural sins  
Will they suppose me laden, when my life  
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?  
But yet he writes me comfort here, my sister,  
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace.  
In all the innocent virtues that become  
A tender spotless maid. She stains her cheeks  
With morning tears to purge her mother's ill,  
But rather suffer me to see  
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,  
Than wash my danger off with mother's blood.

MARDONIUS. I ne'er saw such sudden extremities.

*Exeunt.*

**Act I, Scene 2**

*Enter TIGRANES and SPACONIA.*

TIGRANES. Why, wilt thou have me die, Spaconia?  
What should I do?

SPACONIA.           Nay let me stay alone,  
And when you see Armenia again,  
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I.  
Some friend that ever lov'd me or my cause,  
Will build me something to distinguish me  
From other women, many a weeping verse  
He will lay on, and much lament those maids,  
That plac'd their loves unfortunately high,  
As I have done, where they can never reach.  
But why should you go to Iberia?

TIGRANES. Am I not a slave  
To him that conquered me?

SPACONIA.           That conquered thee,  
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,  
Thy body, but thy mind may be as free  
As his, his will did never combat thine,  
And take it prisoner.

TIGRANES.               But if he by force  
Convey my body hence, what helps it me  
Or thee to be unwilling?

SPACONIA.               O Tigranes,  
I know you are to see a lady there,  
To see, and like I fear. Perhaps the hope  
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part,  
Be happier than you know to wish. Farewell.

TIGRANES. Spaconia, stay and hear me what I say.  
In short, destruction meet me that I may  
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave  
To be thy faithful lover. Part with me  
Thou shalt not. There are none that know our love,  
And I have given gold unto a Captain  
That goes unto Iberia from the King,  
That he will place a lady of our land  
With the King's sister that is offered me.  
Thither shall you, and being once got in  
Persuade her by what subtle means you can  
To be as backward in her love as I.

SPACONIA. Can you imagine that a longing maid  
When she beholds you, can be pulled away  
With words from loving you?

TIGRANES.               Dispraise my health,  
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

SPACONIA. Why, I had rather lose you. Can my heart  
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words,  
And I that ever yet spoke what I thought,  
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie?

TIGRANES. Yet do thy best.

*Enter BESSUS.*

BESSUS. What, is your Majesty ready?

TIGRANES. There is the lady, Captain.

BESSUS. Sweet lady, by your leave, I could wish myself more full of courtship for your



fair sake.

SPACONIA. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

BESSUS. Lady, you must haste. *[to Tigranes]* I have received new letters from the King that require more haste than I expected. He will follow me suddenly himself, and begins to call for your Majesty already.

TIGRANES. He shall not do so long.

BESSUS. Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?

SPACONIA. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir. You shall call me what you please.

*Exeunt*

## **Act II, Scene 1**

*Enter GOBRIAS, BACURIUS, ARANE, PANTHE,*

GOBRIAS. My Lord Bacurius, you must have regard  
Unto the Queen. She is your prisoner,  
'Tis at your peril if she make escape.

BACURIUS. My Lord, I know't. She is my prisoner  
From you committed. Yet she is a woman,  
And so I keep her safe, you will not urge me  
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say  
I sorrow for her.

GOBRIAS.       So do I, my Lord.  
I sorrow for her, that so little grace  
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm  
Against her King, so little womanhood  
And natural goodness, as to think the death  
Of her own son.

ARANE.        Thou knowst the reason why,  
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

GOBRIAS. There is a lady takes not after you,  
Her father is within her, that good man  
Whose tears weigh'd down his sins, mark how she weeps,

PANTHEA. I would my heart  
Were stone, before my softness should be urg'd  
Against my mother, a more troubled thought  
No Virgin bears about; should I excuse  
My mother's fault, I should set light a life  
In losing which, a brother and a King  
Were taken from me, if I seek to save  
That life so lov'd, I lose another life  
That gave me being, I shall lose a mother,  
A word of such a sound in a child's ears  
That it strikes reverence through it; may the will  
Of heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,  
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all.

ARANE. But Gobrias, let us talk. You know this fault  
Is not in me as in another mother.

*They walk apart*

GOBRIAS. I know it is not.

ARANE. Yet you make it so.

GOBRIAS. Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?

ARANE. I know it is.

GOBRIAS. Nay should you publish it  
Before the world, think you 'twould be believ'd?

ARANE. I know it would not.

GOBRIAS. Nay should I join with you,  
Should we not both be torn and yet both die  
Uncredited?

ARANE. I think we should.

GOBRIAS. Why then  
Take you such violent courses? As for me  
I do but right in saving of the King  
From all your plots.

ARANE. The King?

GOBRIAS. I bade you rest  
With patience, and a time would come for me  
To reconcile all to your own content,  
But by this way you take away my power,  
And what was done unknown, was not by me  
But you. Your urging being done  
I must preserve my own, but time may bring  
All this to light, and happily for all.

ARANE. Accursèd be this over curious brain  
That gave that plot a birth, accurst this womb  
That after did conceive to my disgrace.

BACURIUS. My Lord Protector, they say there are divers letters come from Armenia,  
that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day, by his particular valour.  
Receiv'd you any to that effect?

GOBRIAS. Yes, 'tis most certain.

BACURIUS. I'm sorry for't, not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We  
held him here a coward. He did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd, and so did all the  
world, for nor I, nor any other held him worth my sword.

*Enter BESSUS and SPACONIA.*

BESSUS. Health to my protector. From the King these letters; and to your Grace,  
madam, these.

GOBRIAS. How does his Majesty?

BESSUS. As well as conquest by his own means and his valiant commanders can make  
him; your letters will tell you all.

PANTHEA. I will not open mine till I do know  
My brother's health. Good Captain, is he well?

BESSUS. As the rest of us that fought are.

PANTHEA. But how's that? Is he hurt?

BESSUS. He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.

PANTHEA. I do not ask how strange that soldier is  
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

BESSUS. He had divers.

PANTHEA. And is he well again?

BESSUS. Well again, an't please your Grace. Why, I was run twice through the body, and  
shot i'th' head with a cross-arrow, and yet am well again.

PANTHEA. I do not care how thou do'st. Is he well?

BESSUS. Not care how I do? Let a man out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify  
foreign countries with his blood for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered.  
Why, I may live to relieve with spear and shield, such a lady as you distressed.

PANTHEA. Why, I will care. I'm glad that thou art well. I prithee, is he so?

GOBRIAS. The King is well and will be here tomorrow.

PANTHEA. My prayer is heard. Now will I open mine. *Reads*

GOBRIAS. Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.  
Madam, the wonted mercy of the King  
That overtakes your faults has met with this,  
And struck it out, he has forgiven you freely.  
Your own will is your law, be where you please.

ARANE. I thank him.

GOBRIAS. You will be ready to wait  
Upon his Majesty tomorrow?

ARANE. I will.

BACURIUS. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad I have lost this office.

*Exit Arane.*

PANTHEA. What, is this the lady  
My brother writes to me to take?

BESSUS. And please your Grace, this is she. Charge, will you come near the Princess?

PANTHEA. You're welcome from your country, and this land  
Shall show unto you all the kindnesses  
That I can make it. What's your name?

SPACONIA. Thalectris.

PANTHEA. Y'are very welcome. You have got a letter  
To put you to me, that has power enough  
To place mine enemy here. Then much more you  
That are so far from being so to me  
That you ne're saw me.

BESSUS. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

SPACONIA. My truth?

PANTHEA. Why, Captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

BESSUS. I cannot tell, servants are slippery, but I dare give my word for her, and for honesty, she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way, but by this light none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

PANTHEA. Why Captain, here's no body thinks otherwise.

BESSUS. Nay, if you should, your Grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

SPACONIA. Above my knee?

BESSUS. No, you know I did not, and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge whilst I live. Your Grace shall understand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a Lady's honour.

SPACONIA. I hope your Grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

BESSUS. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world. And so I take my leave of your Grace, and of you, my Lord Protector. I am likewise glad to see your Lordship well.

BACURIUS. Oh Captain Bessus, I thank you, I would speak with you anon.

BESSUS. When you please, I will attend your Lordship.

BACURIUS. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

PANTHEA. Good Bacurius. *Exeunt BESSUS. and BACURIUS.*

GOBRIAS. Madam, what writes his Majesty to you?

PANTHEA. Oh my Lord,  
The kindest words, I'll keep 'em whilst I live,  
Here in my bosom. There's no art in 'em,  
They lie disordered in this paper, just  
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

GOBRIAS. *And to me*  
He writes what tears of joy he shed to hear  
How you were grown in every virtue's way,  
And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care  
Which I was bound to have in training you.  
There is no Princess living that enjoys  
A brother of that worth.

PANTHEA. *My Lord, no maid*  
Longs more for any thing, and feels more heat  
And cold within her breast, than I do now,  
In hopes to see him.

GOBRIAS. *Yet I wonder much*  
At this he writes. He brings along with him  
A husband for you, that same captive Prince,  
And if he loves you as he makes a show,  
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

PANTHEA. And so he will, my Lord, I warrant you,  
He will but offer and give me the power  
To take or leave.

GOBRIAS. I think there's no lady can affect  
Another prince, your brother standing by;  
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his.

SPACONIA. [*Aside*] I know a lady may, and more I fear

Another Lady will.

PANTHEA.           Would I might see him.

GOBRIAS. Why, so you shall. My businesses are great.  
I will attend you when it is his pleasure  
To see you.

PANTHEA. I thank you, good my Lord.

*Exit GOBRIAS.*

SPACONIA. I do beseech you Madam,  
I kneel to beg a thing  
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant.

PANTHEA.   Then do not utter it.

SPACONIA. Alas 'tis of that nature, that it must  
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die.  
I would you were not fair,  
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good.  
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer,  
If foul, you had not power to hinder me.  
He would not love you.

PANTHEA.           What's the meaning of it?

SPACONIA. Your brother brings a Prince into this land,  
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,  
So full of worth withal, that every maid  
That looks upon him, gives away herself  
To him for ever; so mad is my demand  
That I desire you not to have this man,  
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die,  
If you should miss him. I do now expect  
You should laugh at me.

PANTHEA.           Trust me I could weep  
Rather, for I have found in all thy words  
A strange disjointed sorrow.

SPACONIA.           'Tis by me

His own desire so, that you would not love him.

PANTHEA. His own desire! if he will stay  
To have me woo him, I will promise thee,  
He may keep all his graces to himself,  
And fear no ravishing from me.

SPACONIA. 'Tis yet  
His own desire, but when he sees your face,  
I fear it will not be. Therefore I charge you  
As you have pity, stop these tender ears  
From his enchanting voice, close up those eyes,  
That you may neither catch a dart from him,  
Nor he from you. I charge you as you hope  
To live in quiet, for when I am dead,  
For certain I will walk to visit him  
If he break promise with me. For as fast  
As oaths without a formal ceremony  
Can make me, I am to him.

PANTHEA. Then be fearless;  
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,  
I could gaze on him (if I knew it sin  
To love him) without passion. Dry your eyes,  
I swear you shall enjoy him still for me,  
I will not hinder you. But I perceive  
You are not what you seem. Rise, rise Thalestris,  
If your right name be so.

SPACONIA. Indeed it is not,  
Spaconia is my name; but I desire  
Not to be known to others.

PANTHEA. Why, by me  
You shall not, I will never do you wrong,  
In company you wish to be commanded,  
But when we are alone, I shall be ready  
To be your servant.

*Exeunt.*

### **Act III, Scene 1.**

*Enter ARBACES and GOBRIAS.*



ARBACES. My sister take it ill?

GOBRIAS. Not very ill.  
Something unkindly she does take it, Sir,  
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

ARBACES. Why, Gobrias, let her. I must have her know,  
My will and not her own must govern her.  
What, will she marry with some slave at home?

GOBRIAS. Oh, she is far from any stubbornness,  
You much mistake her, and no doubt will like  
Where you would have her. But when you behold her,  
You will be loathe to part with such a jewel.

ARBACES. To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art thou mad?  
She is my sister.

GOBRIAS. Sir, I know she is.  
But it were pity to make poor our land,  
With such a beauty to enrich another.

ARBACES. Pish! Will she have him?

GOBRIAS. [*Aside*] I do hope she will not.  
--I think she will, sir.

ARBACES. Were she my father and my mother, too,  
And all the names for which we think folks friends,  
She should be forc'd to have him when I know  
'Tis fit. I will not hear her say she's loathe.

GOBRIAS. [*Aside*]  
Heaven bring my purpose luckily to pass,  
You know 'tis just. -- She will not need constraint,  
She loves you so.

ARBACES. She is not like her mother then.

GOBRIAS. Oh no. When you were in Armenia,  
I durst not let her know when you were hurt.  
For at the first on every little scratch,  
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat

Till you were well, and many times the news  
Was so long coming, that before we heard  
She was as near her death, as you your health.

ARBACES. Alas poor soul, but yet she must be ruled.  
I know not how I shall requite her well.  
I long to see her, have you sent for her,  
To tell her I am ready?

GOBRIAS.                    Sir, I have.

*Enter 1 GENTLEMAN and TIGRANES.*

1 GENTLEMAN. Sir, here is the Armenian King.

ARBACES.                    He's welcome.

1 GENTLEMAN. And the Queen-Mother and the Princess wait  
without.

ARBACES. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.                    *Exit GOBRIAS*  
Tigranes, you will think you are arrived  
In a strange land, where mothers cast to poison  
Their only sons. Think you you shall be safe?

TIGRANES.                    Too safe I am, Sir.

*Enter GOBRIAS, ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, BACURIUS,  
MARDONIUS and BESSUS, and two GENTLEMEN.*

ARANE. As low as this I bow to you, and would  
As low as is my grave, to show a mind  
Thankful for all your mercies.

ARBACES.                    O stand up,  
And let me kneel. The light will be ashamed  
To see observance done to me by you.

ARANE. You are my King.

ARBACES.                    You are my mother. Rise.  
As far be all your faults from your own soul  
As from my memory. Then you shall be

As white as innocence herself.

ARANE. I came  
Only to show my duty, and acknowledge  
My sorrows for my sins. Longer to stay  
Were but to draw eyes more attentively  
Upon my shame, that power that kept you safe  
From me, preserve you still.

ARBACES. Your own desires  
Shall be your guide.

*Exit ARANE.*

PANTHEA. Now let me die,  
Since I have seen my Lord the King return  
In safety

GOBRIAS. Why does not your Majesty speak?

ARBACES. To whom?

GOBRIAS. To the Princess.

PANTHEA. Alas Sir, I am fearful, you do look  
On me, as if I were some loathed thing  
That you were finding out a way to shun.

GOBRIAS. Sir, you should speak to her.

ARBACES. Ha?

PANTHEA. I know I am  
Unworthy, yet not ill armed, with which innocence  
Here I will kneel, till I am one with earth,  
But I will gain some words and kindness from you.

GOBRIAS. Will you speak, Sir?

ARBACES. [*Aside*] Speak, am I what I was?  
What art thou that dost creep into my breast,  
Up, and be gone, if thou be'est Love be gone.  
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,  
Pull thy loved down away, and with thy quill  
By this right arm drawn from thy wonted wing,



That hath a wit, answer, where is she?

GOBRIAS. Do you not see her there?

ARBACES.                   Where?

GOBRIAS.                   There.

ARBACES.                   There? Where?

MARDONIUS. S'light, there. Are you blind?

ARBACES.                   Why, do  
You mock me? I can see no other here,  
But that petitioning lady.

GOBRIAS.                   That's she.

ARBACES. Away.

GOBRIAS. Sir, it is she.

ARBACES.                   'Tis false.

GOBRIAS.                   Is it?

ARBACES. As hell, by Heaven, as false as hell.  
My sister: Is she dead? If it be so,  
Speak boldly to me. For I am a man,  
And dare not quarrel with Divinity.  
And do not think to cozen me with this.  
I see you all are mute and stand amaz'd,  
Fearful to answer me.

GOBRIAS.                   Do not mistake  
And vex yourself for nothing. For her death  
Is a long life off, I hope. she is your sister  
That loves you so. 'Tis she for whom I weep,  
To see you use her thus.

ARBACES.                   It cannot be.

TIGRANES. [*Aside*]           Pish, this is tedious.

I cannot hold, I must present myself.  
And yet the sight of my Spaconia  
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap  
Does one that is about to sin.

ARBACES. Away,  
No more of this; here I pronounce him traitor,  
The direct plotter of my death, that names  
Or thinks her for my sister. 'Tis a lie,  
The most malicious of the world, invented  
To mad your King. Come and answer me,  
He that is boldest now: is that my sister?

MARDONIUS. [*Aside*] Oh, this is fine.

BESSUS No marry, she is not, an't please your Majesty, I never thought she was, she's  
nothing like you.

ARBACES. No 'tis true, she is not.

MARDONIUS. Thou shou'dst be hang'd.

PANTHEA. Sir, I will speak but once; by the same power  
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,  
You may command me dead,  
If this request appear too much to grant,  
Adopt me of some other family,  
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live  
Like sinfull issues that are left in streets  
By their regardless Mothers, and no name  
Will be found for me.

ARBACES. I will hear no more,  
Why should there be such music in a voice,  
And sin for me to hear it? All the world  
May take delight in this, and 'tis damnation  
For me to do so. You are fair and wise  
And vertuous I think,  
But you are nought to me but a disease;  
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,  
That he that undertakes my cure, must first  
O'rethrow Divinity, all moral Laws,  
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts,

Allowing 'em to do all actions  
As freely as they drink when they desire.  
Let me not hear you speak again; yet see  
I shall but languish for the want of that,  
The having which, would kill me. No man here  
Offer to speak for her;

PANTHEA. I would I were past speaking.

GOBRIAS.                               Fear not Madam,  
The King will alter, 'tis some sudden rage,  
And you shall see it end some other way.

PANTHEA. Pray heaven it do.

TIGRANES. [*Aside*] Though she to whom I swore, be here, I cannot  
Stifle my passion longer.  
--Madam, a stranger, and a pris'ner begs  
To be bid welcome.

PANTHEA.                               You are welcome, Sir,  
I think, but if you be not, 'tis past me  
To make you so. For I am here a stranger,  
Greater than you; we know from whence you come,  
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom  
Is yet uncertain, found here i'th' court,  
And onely suffer'd to walk up and down,  
As one not worth the owning.

SPACONIA.                               O, I fear  
Tigranes will be caught, he looks, me-thinks,  
As he would change his eyes with her; some help  
There is above for me, I hope.

TIGRANES. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,  
And utter things that mis-become your looks,  
Can you want owning?

SPACONIA.                               O 'tis certain so.

TIGRANES. Acknowledge yourself mine.

ARBACES.                               How now?





TIGRANES. Do not fear his frown,  
Dear Madam, hear me.

ARBACES. Fear not my frown?  
Away with him to prison. Now Sir, see  
If my frown be regardless. Why delay you?  
Seize him, Bacurius.

TIGRANES. Touch me not.

ARBACES. Help there.

TIGRANES. Away.

BACURIUS. Sir, you must pardon us,  
We must obey.

ARBACES. Why do you dally there?  
Drag him away by any thing.

BACURIUS. Come, Sir.

TIGRANES. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough  
To shake all these off. This is tyranny,  
Arbaces, sutler than the burning Bull's,  
Or that fam'd Tyrant's bed. Thou mightst as well  
Search i'th' deep of Winter through the snow  
For half starv'd people, to bring home with thee,  
To show 'em fire, and send 'em back again,  
As use me thus.

ARBACES. Let him be close, Bacurius. *Exeunt TIGRANES. & BACURIUS.*

SPACONIA. I ne're rejoiced at any ill to him,  
But this imprisonment. What shall become  
Of me forsaken?

GOBRIAS. You will not let your sister  
Depart thus discontented from you, Sir?

ARBACES. By no means, Gobrias. I have done her wrong  
You did kneel to me, Behold, I kneel to you, *Kneels*

Show a contempt as large as was my own,  
And I will suffer it, yet at the last  
Forgive me.

PANTHEA. Oh you wrong me more in this *Kneels*  
Than in your rage you did. You mock me now.

ARBACES. Never forgive me then, which is the worst  
Can happen to me.

PANTHEA. If you be in earnest,  
Stand up and give me but a gentle look,  
And two kind words, and I shall be in heaven.

ARBACES. Rise you then to hear; I acknowledge thee *Both rise*  
My hope, the only jewel of my life,  
The best of Sisters, dearer than my breath,  
A happiness as high as I could think;  
And when my actions call thee otherwise,  
Perdition light upon me.

PANTHEA. This is better  
Than if you had not frown'd, it comes to me,  
Like mercie at the block, and when I leave  
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me.

ARBACES. Then thus I do salute thee, [*Kisses her*] and again, [*Kisses*]  
To make this knot the stronger, Paradise  
Is there. It may be you are yet in doubt,  
This third kiss blots it out. [*Kisses*][*Aside*] I wade in sin,  
And foolishly entice my self along;  
--Take her away, see her a prisoner  
In her own chamber closely, Gobrias.

PANTHEA. Alas, Sir, why?

ARBACES. I must not stay the answer,  
Do it.

GOBRIAS. Good Sir.

ARBACES. No more, do it I say.

MARDONIUS. *[Aside]* This is better and better.

PANTHEA. Yet hear me speak.

ARBACES. I will not hear you speak,  
Away with her, let no man think to speak  
For such a creature; for she is a witch,  
A prisoner, and a traitor.

GOBRIAS. Madam, this office grieves me.

PANTHEA. Nay, 'tis well  
The king is pleased with it.

ARBACES. Bessus, go you along too with her; I will prove  
All this that I have said, if I may live  
So long; but I am desperately sick,  
For she has given me poison in a kiss;  
She had't betwixt her lips, and with her eyes  
She witches people. Go without a word.

*Exeunt GOBRIAS, PANTHEA,  
BESSUS & SPACONIA*

Why should you that have made me stand in war  
Like fate it self, cutting what threads I pleas'd,  
Decree such an unworthy end of me,  
And all my glories? Incest is in me  
Dwelling already, and it must be holy  
That pulls it thence. Where art, Mardonius?

MARDONIUS. Here, Sir.

ARBACES. I pray thee bear me, if thou canst,  
Am I not grown a strange weight?

MARDONIUS. As you were.

ARBACES. No heavier?

MARDONIUS. No Sir.

ARBACES. Why, my legs  
Refuse to bear my body. O Mardonius,  
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou knowst  
I could have gone, though I could never run.

MARDONIUS. And so I shall again.

ARBACES. Oh no, 'tis past.

MARDONIUS. Pray you go rest yourself.

ARBACES. Wilt thou hereafter when they talk of me,  
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,  
Remember some of those things?

MARDONIUS. Yes I will.

ARBACES.  
I pray thee do, for thou shalt never see  
Me so again.

MARDONIUS. I warrant ye. *Exeunt.*

### **Act III, Scene 2**

*Enter BESSUS alone.*

BESSUS. They talk of fame, I have gotten it in the wars; Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be atchiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, the whole Kingdom took notice of me for a baffl'd whipt fellow, and what I said was remembred in mirth but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again. Now the report of my valour is come over before me, 't will cost me many a beating. And Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly worthily, as they call it by the way of challenge.

*Enter a GENTLEMAN.*

GENTLEMAN. Good morrow, Captain Bessus.

BESSUS. Good morrow, Sir.

GENTLEMAN. I come to speak with you.

BESSUS. You're very welcome.

GENTLEMAN. From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since. Your worth he says is fam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

BESSUS. A pox on 'em, so they cry all.

GENTLEMAN. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me; it is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides.

BESSUS. 'Tis a challenge, Sir, is it not?

GENTLEMAN. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

BESSUS. An inviting? O Sir your mercy, [*Aside*] what a complement he delivers it with! he might as agreeable to my nature present me poison with such a speech. [*Reads*] um um um reputation, um um um call you to account, um um um forc'd to this, um um um with my Sword, um um um like a Gentleman, um um um dear to me, um um um satisfaction. 'Tis very well Sir, I do accept it, but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

GENTLEMAN. Why, Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

BESSUS. Sir upon my credit I am already engag'd to two hundred, and twelve, all which must have their stains wip'd off, if that be the word, before him.

GENTLEMAN. Sir, if you be truly engag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

BESSUS. Upon my faith, Sir, to two hundred and twelve, and I have a spent body, too much bruis'd in battel, so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a day. All the kindness I can show him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something, for I tell you, I think there will be more after him, than before him, I think so; pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

GENTLEMAN. I will Sir, good morrow to you.                   *Exit GENTLEMAN.*

BESSUS. Good morrow good Sir. Certainly my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post; I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Who's there? More paper I hope, no, 'tis my Lord Bacurius, I fear all is not well betwixt us.

*Enter BACURIUS.*

BACURIUS. Now Captain Bessus, I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

BESSUS. Very right.

BACURIUS. And wronged me.

BESSUS. True, my Lord.

BACURIUS. But now people will call you valiant, desertlessly I think, yet for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

BESSUS. O my good Lord, my deep engagements.

BACURIUS. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus, it is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

BESSUS. My Lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintain it.

BACURIUS. Who then, pray?

BESSUS. Bessus the Coward wrong'd you.

BACURIUS. Right.

BESSUS. And shall Bessus the Valiant, maintain what Bessus the Coward did?

BACURIUS. I pray thee leave these cheating tricks, I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shall be beaten extreamly, and kick'd.

BESSUS. Since you provoke me thus far, my Lord, I will fight with you, and by my Sword it shall cost me twenty pound, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

BACURIUS. Your leg? Why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you, stand up.

BESSUS. My Lord, this is not noble in you.

BACURIUS. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

BESSUS. My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a Coward.

BACURIUS. When thou wert? Confess thy self a coward still, or by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

BESSUS. Why, I am one.

BACURIUS. Are you so, Sir? And why do you wear a sword then? Come unbuckle.

BESSUS. My Lord.

BACURIUS. Unbuckle I say, and give it me, or as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

BESSUS. It is a pretty hilt, and if your Lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you for a New-Years-gift.

BACURIUS. I thank you very heartily, sweet Captain, farewell.

BESSUS. One word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me my knife again.

BACURIUS. Marry by all means Captain; cherish your self with it, and eat hard, good Captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear Captain.

*Exit BACURIUS.*

BESSUS. I will make better use of this, than of my sword. A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one, it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promis'd the King in a great Audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife; how to get another sword I know not, nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence. Therefore I will out-swear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword.

*Exit BESSUS.*

### **Act III, Scene 3**

*Enter MARDONIUS.*

MARDONIUS. I'll move the King, he is most strangely alter'd.  
I guess the cause I fear too right. Heaven has  
Some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge no question  
Justly laid upon him. He has followed me  
Through twenty rooms; and ever when I stay  
To await his command, he blushes like a girl,  
And looks upon me, as if modesty  
Kept in his business. So turns away from me,

But if I go on, he follows me again.

*Enter ARBACES.*

See, here he is. I cannot choose but weep  
To see him; his very enemies I think,  
Whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see  
Him now, would find tears i'their eyes.

ARBACES. [*Aside*] I cannot utter it, why should I keep  
A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?

MARDONIUS. How do you, Sir?

ARBACES.           Why very well Mardonius,  
How dost thou do?

MARDONIUS.       Better than you I fear.

ARBACES. I hope thou art; for to be plain with thee,  
Thou art in Hell else, secret scorching flames  
That far transcend earthly material fires  
Are crept into me, and there is no cure.

MARDONIUS. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid  
That you would utter to me.

ARBACES.                       So there is,  
But yet I cannot do it.

MARDONIUS.       Out with it Sir,  
If it be dangerous, I will not shrink  
To do you service.

ARBACES. I do beseech thee  
By all the love thou hast professed to me,  
To see my sister from me.

MARDONIUS.               Well, and what?

ARBACES. That's all.

MARDONIUS. That's strange, I shall say nothing to her?







*Enter BESSUS.*

BESSUS. Where is the King?

MARDONIUS. There.

BESSUS. An't please your Majesty, there's the knife.

ARBACES. What knife?

BESSUS. The sword is eaten.

MARDONIUS. Away you fool, the King is serious,  
And cannot now admit your vanities.

BESSUS. Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this, what,  
do you think I lie?

ARBACES. No, no, 'tis well Bessus, 'tis very well I'm glad on't.

MARDONIUS. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave  
the King.

ARBACES. No, let him stay Mardonius, let him stay,  
I have occasion with him very weighty,  
And I can spare you now.

MARDONIUS.                Sir?

ARBACES.                        Why, I can spare you now.

BESSUS. Mardonius, give way to these State affairs.

MARDONIUS. Indeed you are fitter for this present purpose.                *Exit*

ARBACES. Bessus, I should employ thee, wilt thou do't?

BESSUS. Do't for you? by this Air I will do any thing without exception, be it a good,  
bad, or indifferent thing.

ARBACES. Do not swear.



**Act IV, Scene 1**

*Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, and SPACONIA.*

GOBRIAS. Have you written, Madam?

PANTHEA. Yes, good Gobrias.

GOBRIAS. And with a kindness, and such winning words  
As may provoke him, at one instant feel  
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?

PANTHEA. I have sent words enough, if words may win him  
From his displeasure; and such words I hope,  
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.  
Yet fearing they are many, and a woman's,  
A poor belief may follow, I have woven  
As many truths within 'em to speak for me,  
That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em--

GOBRIAS. Good Lady, be not fearful. He loves you dearly,  
I know it, and I hope I need not farther  
Win you to understand it.

PANTHEA. I believe it.  
But howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly.  
So dearly, that if any thing I write  
For my enlarging should beget his anger,  
Heaven be a witness with me and my faith,  
I had rather live entomb'd here.

GOBRIAS. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief.  
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,  
And this night will deliver this true story,  
With this hand to your brother.

PANTHEA. Peace go with you,  
You are a good man. *Exit GOBRIAS.*  
My Spaconia,  
Why are you ever sad thus?

SPACONIA. O, dear Lady.

PANTHEA. Prithee Good Spaconia,  
How shall I do you service?

SPACONIA.                               Noblest Lady,  
You make me more a slave still to your goodness,  
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you,  
For that is all the business of my life. Now  
I will be bold, since you will have it so,  
To ask a noble favour of you.

PANTHEA. Speak it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a virtue,  
No ill demand has issue.

SPACONIA. Then ever virtuous, let me beg your will  
In helping me to see the Prince Tigranes,  
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.  
Madam I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.

PANTHEA. You are a pretty one, and trust me, lady,  
It joys me. I shall do a good to you,  
Though to myself I never shall be happy.  
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token  
Deliver it; I think they will not stay you.  
So all your own desires go with you, lady.

SPACONIA. And sweet peace to your Grace.

PANTHEA.                               Pray Heaven I find it.               *Exeunt.*

## **Act IV, Scene 2**

*Enter TIGRANES, in prison.*

TIGRANES. Fool that I am, I have undone myself,  
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,  
And now too late I mourn for't. O Spaconia!  
Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,  
To wither my desires? But wretched fool,  
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sun and me,  
To make me freeze thus? Why did I prefer her  
To the fair Princess? O thou fool, thou fool,  
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still,  
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment,



Though not for me. For this assure thyself,  
The Princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner  
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer  
Than such a beast as thou art: I have struck,  
I fear, too deep; beshrew me for't. Sir,  
This sorrow works me like a cunning friendship,  
Into the same piece with it. Dear my Lord,  
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,  
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint  
To that too much you have. Good Sir, be pleas'd  
To think it was a fault of love, not malice,  
And do as I will do, forgive it Prince.  
I do, and can forgive the greatest sins  
To me you can repent of. Pray, believe.

TIGRANES. O my Spaconia! O thou virtuous woman!

SPACONIA. No more. The King, Sir.

*Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS, MARDONIUS.*

ARBACES. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,  
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?

BACURIUS. I hope his grace will quit me for my care, Sir.

ARBACES. 'Tis well. Royal Tigranes, health.

TIGRANES. More than the strictness of this place can give Sir,  
I offer back again to great Arbaces.

ARBACES.           What Lady's that? Bacurius?

BACURIUS.  
One of the Princess' women, Sir.

ARBACES.                           I fear'd it,

MARDONIUS. [*Aside*] His fit begins to take him now again, 'Tis a strange fever, and  
'twill shake us all anon, I fear. Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly. Give me the  
wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and held the bravest fellows. This  
pelting prating peace is good for nothing. Drinking's a virtue to't.



ARBACES. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,  
But for his own ends. Why did you let her in?

BACURIUS. It was your own command to bar none from him.  
Besides, the Princess sent her ring, Sir, for my warrant.

ARBACES. A token to Tigranes, did she not?  
Sirrah. tell truth.

BACURIUS. I do not use to lie, Sir.  
'Tis no way I eat or live by, and I think,  
This is no token, Sir.

ARBACES. I am trifled with.

BACURIUS. Sir?

ARBACES. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

MARDONIUS. *[Aside]* Now the clap comes.

BACURIUS. You never knew me so, Sir. I dare speak it,  
And durst a worse man tell me, though my better--

MARDONIUS. *[Aside]* 'Tis well said, by my soul.

ARBACES. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.

BACURIUS. That I fear, Sir, to lose nobly.

ARBACES. I say Sir, once again--

BACURIUS. You may say what you please, Sir,

MARDONIUS. *[Aside]* Would I might do so.

ARBACES. I will, Sir, and say openly, this woman carries letters, by my life I know she  
carries letters, this woman does it.

MARDONIUS. Would Bessus were here to take her aside and search her. He would  
quickly tell you what she carried Sir.

ARBACES. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

MARDONIUS. *[Aside]* If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chamber-maids and postboys.

ARBACES. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

TIGRANES. Do what, Sir? I reach you not.

ARBACES. It shall not serve your turn, Prince.

TIGRANES. Serve my turn, Sir?

ARBACES. Ay, Sir, it shall not serve your turn.

TIGRANES. Be plainer, good Sir.

ARBACES. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love, Panthea, by Heaven she shall not, I say she shall not.

MARDONIUS. *[Aside]* This would make a saint swear like a soldier

TIGRANES. This beats me more, King, than the blows you gave me.

ARBACES. Take'em away both, and together let 'em prisoners be, strictly and closely kept, or sirrah, your life shall answer it, and let no body speak with'em hereafter.

TIGRANES. Well, I am subject to you, and must endure these passions.

SPACONIA. This is the imprisonment I have look'd for always. And the dearer place I would choose. *Exeunt TIGRANES, SPACONIA, BACURIUS.*

MARDONIUS. Sir, have you done well now.

ARBACES.                                You must be crossing me.

MARDONIUS. I have no letters, Sir, to anger you,  
But a dry sonnet of my Corporal's  
To an old suttler's wife, and that I'll burn, Sir.  
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

ARBACES. How darst thou so often forfeit thy life?  
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

MARDONIUS. Yes, and I know you won't, or if you do,  
You'll miss it quickly.

ARBACES.                   Why?

MARDONIUS. Who shall tell you of these childish follies  
When I am dead? No, cut my head off.  
Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse,  
And have your too self-glorious temper rot  
Into a deep sleep, and the Kingdom with you,  
Til foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter  
Be everywhere about you like your flatterers.  
Do, kill me.

ARBACES. Prithee be tamer, good Mardonius,  
Thou know'st I love thee, nay I honour thee,  
But I am rack'd clean from my self, bear with me,  
Woot thou bear with me my Mardonius?

*Enter GOBRIAS.*

MARDONIUS. There comes a good man. Love him too, he's temperate.  
You may live to have need of such a virtue,  
Rage is not still in fashion.

ARBACES.                   Welcome good Gobrias.

GOBRIAS. My service and this letter to your Grace.

ARBACES.                   From whom?

GOBRIAS. From the rich mine of virtue and all beauty,  
Your mournful sister.

ARBACES. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?

GOBRIAS. She is, Sir, till your pleasure to enlarge her,  
Which on my knees I beg. for your love's sake,  
If there be any in that noble heart,  
To her a wretched Lady, and forlorn,  
Or for her love to you, which is as much  
As nature and obedience ever gave,  
Have pity on her beauties.

*Kneels*

ARBACES. Pray thee stand up. 'Tis true, she is too fair,  
If thou but know'st the wrong her beauty does her,  
Thou wouldst in pity of her be a liar,  
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,  
Whither my self nor thou canst well tell. O my fate!  
I think she loves me, but I fear another  
Is deeper in her heart: How thinkst thou, Gobrias?

GOBRIAS. I do beseech your Grace believe it not,  
For let me perish if it be not false.  
Good Sir, read her letter.

*ARBACES reads, aside*

MARDONIUS. [*Aside*] This love, or what a devil it is I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starv'd, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'r believe his eyes again: if he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

ARBACES. Alas, she would be at liberty.  
And there be a thousand reasons Gobrias,  
Thousands that will deny't.  
Which if she knew, she would contentedly  
Be where she is.

GOBRIAS. Then good Sir, for her satisfaction,  
Send for her and with reason make her know  
Why she must live thus from you.

ARBACES. I will; go bring her to me.

*Exeunt all.*

### **Act IV, Scene 3**

*Enter BESSUS, And two SWORD-MEN,*

BESSUS. Y'are very welcome Gentlemen o'th' Sword,  
I have been curious in the searching of you,  
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. We understand ourselves, Sir.

BESSUS. Nay Gentlemen, and dear friends o'th' Sword,

No compliment I pray, but to the cause  
I hang upon, which in few, is my honour.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. You cannot hang too much, Sir, for your honour,  
But to your cause, be wise, and speak the truth.

BESSUS. Gentlemen o'th' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Brother, what think you of this case?

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. If he have beaten him, I grant the case;  
But how? We cannot be too subtle in this business,  
I say, but how?

BESSUS. E'en with his Royal hand.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

BESSUS. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, Gentlemen,  
Besides two blows o'th' face.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN.  
Those blows o'th' face have made a new cause on't,  
The rest were but an horrible rudeness.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. The King may do much, Captain, believe it.  
For had he cracked your skull through, like a bottle,  
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you,  
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,  
You may imagine, but this is truth now Captain.

BESSUS. I will be glad to embrace it, Gentlemen;  
I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen o'th' Sword.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. No trouble at all to us, Sir, if we may  
Profit your understanding, we are bound  
By virtue of our calling to utter our opinions,  
Shortly, and discreetly.

BESSUS. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. How far, Sir?

BESSUS. Not to flatter my self in it, all over,  
My sword forc'd but not lost; for discreetly  
I rendered it to save that imputation.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. It show'd discretion, the best part of valour.  
For, say that I were kick'd.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. I must not say so,  
Nor I must not hear it spoke by the tongue of man.  
You kick'd, dear brother! You're merry.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN.  
But put the case I were kick'd?

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Let them put it  
That are things weary of their lives, and know not  
Honour; put the case you were kick'd?

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN I do not say  
I was kick'd.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Nor no silly creature that wears his head  
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat.  
You kick'd, dear brother?

BESSUS. Nay, Gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,  
Truly and honestly. Good Sirs, to the question.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Why then I say, suppose your boy kick'd, Captain?

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. The Boy may be suppos'd is liable.  
But kick my brother!

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. A foolish forward zeal, Sir, in my friend.  
But to the boy, suppose the boy were kick'd.

BESSUS. I do suppose it.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Has your boy a sword?

BESSUS. Surely no. I pray, suppose a sword too.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. I do suppose it. You grant your boy was kick'd then.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. By no means, Captain, let it be supposed still.  
The word "grant," makes not for us.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. I say this must  
Be granted.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. This must be granted, brother?

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Ay,  
This must be granted.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Still this "must"?

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. I say,  
This must be granted.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Ay, give me the "must" again,  
Brother, you palter.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. I will not hear you, wasp.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN.  
Brother, I say you palter, the "must" three times  
Together; I wear as sharp Steel as another man,  
And my fox bites as deep, musted, my dear brother.  
But to the cause again.

BESSUS. Nay, look you Gentlemen.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. In a word, I ha' done.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. A tall man but intemperate,  
'Tis great pity. Once more suppose the boy kick'd.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Forward.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. And being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. So much for us; proceed.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,  
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

BESSUS. It lies i'th' beating, Sir, I found it four days since.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. The error, and a sore one as I take it,  
Lies in the thing kicking.

BESSUS. I understand that well, 'tis sore indeed, Sir.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. That is according to the man that did it.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. There springs a new branch. Whose was the foot?

BESSUS. A Lord's.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. The cause is mighty, but had it been two Lords,  
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh, 'tis clear.

BESSUS. I did laugh, but how will that help me, Gentlemen?

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Yes, it shall help you if you laugh'd aloud.

BESSUS. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd Sir.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. My reason now, the valiant man is known  
By suffering and contemning. You have  
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. If he be sure he has been kick'd enough.  
For that brave sufferance you speak of brother,  
Consists not in a beating and away,  
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen  
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuk'd  
With pots of all size, degrees, stools, and bed-staves,  
This shows a valiant man.

BESSUS. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,  
For these are all familiar things to me;  
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money,  
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating,  
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,



And almost all religions.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Embrace him brother, this man is valiant,  
I know it by my self, he's valiant.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Captain, thou art a valiant Gentleman,  
To bide upon, a very valiant man.

BESSUS. I must request you go along  
And testify to the Lord Bacurius,  
Whose foot has struck me, how you find my case.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN.  
We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,  
Or there are those abroad, will rule his Lordship. *Exeunt.*

#### **Act IV, Scene 4**

*Enter ARBACES at one door, and GOBRIAS. and PANTHEA at another.*

GOBRIAS. Sir, here's the Princess.

ARBACES. Leave us then alone,  
For the main cause of her imprisonment  
Must not be heard by any but herself. *Exit GOBRIAS.*  
You're welcome sister, and would to God  
I could so bid you by another name.  
If you above love not such sins as these,  
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow  
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

PANTHEA. Sir, does it please you I should speak?

ARBACES. Please me?  
Ay, more than all the art of music can,  
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard.  
I pray thee think so.

PANTHEA. Be it so, I will back  
To prison, rather than disquiet you,  
And wait till it be fit.

ARBACES.               No, do not go;  
For I will hear thee with a serious thought.  
I have collected all that's man about me  
Together strongly, but I do beseech thee,  
Do not come nearer to me, for there is  
Something in that, that will undo us both.

PANTHEA. Alas, Sir, am I venom?

ARBACES.               Yes, to me;

PANTHEA. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late  
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus,  
Is all I wish to know.

ARBACES.               Why, credit me  
Panthea, credit me that am thy brother,  
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause  
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,  
That might undo thee everlastingly,  
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?  
By Heaven 'tis true, believe it if thou canst.

PANTHEA. Children and fools are ever credulous,  
And I am both, I think, for I believe;  
If you dissemble, be it on your head;  
I'll back unto my prison: yet me-thinks  
I might be kept in some place where you are;  
For in my self, I find I know not what  
To call it, but it is a great desire  
To see you often.

ARBACES. Fie, you come in a step, what do you mean?  
Dear sister, do not so. Alas, Panthea,  
Where I am would you be? Why that's the cause  
You are imprison'd, that you may not be  
Where I am.

PANTHEA. Then I must endure it, Sir,  
Heaven keep you.

ARBACES. Nay, you shall hear the case in short, Panthea,  
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,

And hang thy head down like a violet  
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way  
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis such a one  
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,  
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof  
Whether the gods have care of innocence,  
Rather than follow it. Know that I have lost,  
The only difference betwixt man and beast,  
My reason.

PANTHEA. Heaven forbid.

ARBACES.                               Nay it is gone,  
And I am left as far without a bound,  
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds.  
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,  
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.  
I have beheld thee with a lustfull eye.  
My heart is set on wickedness to act  
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid  
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,  
Which I beseech thee do not, thou mayest gain  
Thy liberty, and yield me a content.  
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,  
Where I may never see thee. For heaven knows  
That laid this punishment upon my pride,  
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness  
To make a start e'ne to thy ravishing.  
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches  
Thou canst devise together, and at once  
Hurl'em against me, for I am a sickness  
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

PANTHEA. Far be it from me to revile the King.  
But it is true, that I shall rather choose  
To search out death, that else would search out me,  
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,  
Than welcome such a sin. Peace enter you again.

ARBACES. Farewell, and good Panthea pray for me,  
Thy prayers are pure, that I may find a death  
However soon before my passions grow  
That they forget what I desire is sin;

PANTHEA. Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know  
It is a sullen fate that governs us,  
For I could wish as heartily as you  
I were no sister to you, I should then  
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.

ARBACES. Couldst thou affect me then?

PANTHEA.                               So perfectly,  
That as it is, I ne're shall sway my heart,  
To like another.

ARBACES.     Then I curse my birth,  
Must this be added to my miseries  
That thou art willing too? is there no stop  
To our full happiness, but these mere sounds  
Brother and Sister?

PANTHEA.               There is nothing else,  
But these alas will separate us more  
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.

ARBACES.                               I have liv'd  
To conquer men and now am overthrown  
Only by words brother and sister. Where  
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,  
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are  
Not to be grasp'd. Let 'em be men or beasts,  
And I will cut 'em from the earth, or towns,  
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:  
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,  
And yet have unquencht fire left in my breast:  
Let 'em be any thing but meerly voice.

PANTHEA. But 'tis not in the power of any force,  
Or policy to conquer them.

ARBACES.                               Panthea,  
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,  
And gaze our eyes out?

PANTHEA.               Would I could do so,

But I shall weep out mine.

ARBACES.                    Accursed man,  
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate,  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious rules, when every beast is free.  
What is there that acknowledges a kindred  
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull  
Fearfully leave the heifer that he lik'd  
Because they had one dam?

PANTHEA.                    Sir, I disturb you  
And myself too. 'Twere better I were gone.

ARBACES. I will not be so foolish as I was.  
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,  
No otherwise. Brothers and sisters may  
Walk hand in hand together; so will we,  
Come nearer. Is there any hurt in this?

PANTHEA. I hope not.

ARBACES. Faith, there is none at all.  
And tell me truly now, is there not one  
You love above me?

PANTHEA.                    No, by Heaven.

ARBACES.                    Why yet  
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.

PANTHEA.                    True,  
But for another: for the truth--

ARBACES.                    No more,  
I'll credit thee, thou canst not lie,  
Thou art all truth.

PANTHEA.                    But is there nothing else,  
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks  
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.

ARBACES. And so they may Panthea, so will we,

And kiss again too. We were too scrupulous,  
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

PANTHEA. If you have any mercy, let me go  
To prison, to my death, to any thing.  
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,  
Worse than all these, hotter than yours.

ARBACES. That is impossible, what should we do?

PANTHEA. Fly, Sir, for Heaven's sake.

ARBACES.                               So we must away,  
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.               *Exeunt several ways.*

### **Act V, Scene 1**

*Enter MARDONIUS and LYGONES.*

MARDONIUS. Madam, the King has seen your commission, and believes it,  
And freely by this warrant gives you power  
To visit Prince Tigranes, your noble master.

LYGONES. I thank his Grace and kiss his hand.

MARDONIUS. But is the main of all your business  
Ended in this?

LYGONES. I have another, but a worse,  
I am asham'd, it is a business--

MARDONIUS. You serve a worthy person, and a stranger  
I am sure you are; you may employ me  
If you please without your purse, such offices  
Should ever be their own rewards.

LYGONES. I am bound to your Nobleness.

MARDONIUS. But may I civilly desire the rest?  
I shall not be a hurter if no helper.

LYGONES. Sir you shall know I have lost a foolish daughter,

And with her all my patience, pilfer'd away  
By a mean Captain of your King's.

MARDONIUS. Stay there, Madam.  
If he have reach'd the noble worth of Captain,  
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,  
Though she were yours, and noble.

LYGONES. I grant all that too. But this wretched fellow  
Reaches no further than the empty name  
That serves to feed him.

MARDONIUS. By description  
I should now guess him to you, it was Bessus,  
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

LYGONES. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus, and now  
I think 'tis he.

MARDONIUS. Your daughter was not mad, madam?

LYGONES. No, would she had been,  
The fault had had more credit. I would do something.

MARDONIUS. I would fain counsel you, but to what I know not, he's so below a  
beating, that the women find him not worthy of their distaves, and to hang him were to  
cast away a rope.

LYGONES. Sure I have committed some great sin  
That this fellow should be made my rod,  
I would see him, but I shall have no patience.

MARDONIUS. 'Tis no great matter if you have not: if a laming of him, or such a toy may  
do you pleasure, Madam, he has it for you, and I'll help you to him. 'Tis no news to him  
to have a leg broken, or shoulder out, with being turn'd o'th' stones like a tansie. We use  
him i'th' wars like a ram to shake a wall withal. Here comes the very person of him. Do as  
you shall find your temper, I must leave you. But if you do not break him like a bisket,  
you are much to blame, Madam.

*Exit MARDONIUS.*

*Enter BESSUS And the SWORD-MEN.*

LYGONES. Is your name Bessus?

BESSUS. Men call me Captain Bessus.

LYGONES. Then Captain Bessus, you are a rank rascal, without more exordiums, a dirty frozen slave; and with the favor of your friends here I will beat you.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Pray use your pleasure, Madam.

LYGONES. Thus Captain Bessus, thus; thus twing your nose, thus kick, thus tread you.  
*Beats him*

BESSUS. I do beseech you yield your cause, Madam, quickly.

LYGONES. Indeed I should have told that first.

BESSUS. I take it so.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Captain, she should indeed, she is mistaken.

LYGONES. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating, you have stolen away a lady, Captain coward, and such a one--  
*Beats him*

BESSUS. Hold, I beseech you hold, I never yet stole any living thing that had a tooth about it.

LYGONES. I know you dare lie.

BESSUS. With none but summer whores upon my life, my means and manners never could attempt above a hedge or hay-cock.

LYGONES. Sirrah, that quits not me, where is this lady? Do that you do not use to do; tell truth, or by my hand, I'll beat your Captain's brains out, wash'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

BESSUS. There was a lady, I must confess, once in my charge: the Prince Tigranes gave her to my guard for her safety, how I used her, she may herself report, she's with the Prince now. I did but wait upon her like a groom, which she will testify I am sure. If not, my brains are at your service when you please, madam, and glad I have 'em for you.

LYGONES. This is most likely, Sir, I ask you pardon, and am sorry I was so intemperate.

BESSUS. Well I can ask no more, there's my hand, go where you will, I shall think you a valiant woman for all this.



LYGONES. [*Aside*] My daughter is a whore, I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her, discharge my self from being mother to her, and then back to my country, and there die--farewell Captain.

*Exit LYGONES.*

BESSUS. Farewell, Madam, farewell, commend me to the gentlewoman I pray.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. How now Captain? Bear up, man.

BESSUS. Gentlemen o'th' sword, your hands once more; I have Been kick'd again, but the foolish woman is penitent, Has asked me mercy, and my honor's safe.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORDMAN. There be our hands again, now let her come And say she was not sorry, and she sleeps for it.

BESSUS. Alas good ignorant old woman, let her go, Let her go, these courses will undo her. *Exeunt*

## **Act V, Scene 2**

*Enter LYGONES And BACURIUS.*

BACURIUS. My Lady, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so, for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own King, I am a minister, but not a governor of this state, yonder is your King, I'll leave you. *Exit.*

*Enter TIGRANES And SPACONIA.*

LYGONES. There he is  
Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.

TIGRANES. [*to SPACONIA*] I do perceive my fault so much, that yet Me thinks thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

LYGONES. Health to your Majesty.

TIGRANES.               What? Good Lygones  
Welcome, what business brought thee hither?

LYGONES.   Several  
Businesses. My public business will appear  
By this, I have a message to deliver,

Which if it please you so to authorize,  
Is an embassy from the Armenian state,  
Unto Arbaces for your liberty.  
The offer's there set down, please you to read it.

TIGRANES. There is no alteration happened since  
I came thence?

LYGONES. None, Sir, all is as it was.

TIGRANES. And all our friends are well?

LYGONES. All very well. *TIGRANES reads, apart*

SPACONIA. *[Aside]*  
Though I have done nothing but what was good,  
I dare not see my mother, it was fault  
Enough not to acquaint her with that good.

LYGONES. Madam, I should have seen you.

SPACONIA. O good madam, forgive me.

LYGONES. Forgive you, why? I am no kin to you, am I?

SPACONIA. Should it be measur'd by my mean deserts,  
Indeed you are not.

LYGONES. And how does your custom hold out here?

SPACONIA. ma'am?

LYGONES. Are you  
In private still, or how?

SPACONIA. What do you mean?

LYGONES. Do you take money? Are you come to sell sin yet?  
Or has not the King cast you off yet? O  
Thou vile creature, whose best commendation is,  
That thou art a young whore, I would thy father  
Had liv'd to see this, or rather that I had died  
Ere I had seen it. Why didst not make me acquainted

When thou wert first resolv'd to be a whore,  
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied  
More privately. I would have kept a dancer  
And a whole consort of musicians  
In my own house only to fiddle thee.

SPACONIA. Mother, I was never whore.

LYGONES.                   If thou couldst not  
Say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.

TIGRANES. I have read it, and I like it,  
You shall deliver it.

LYGONES.               Well, Sir, I will.  
But I have private business with you.

TIGRANES.                               Speak, what is't?

LYGONES. How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,  
That you can pick no strumpets i'th' land,  
But out of my breed?

TIGRANES.               Strumpets, good Madam?

LYGONES. Yes, and I wish to have you know, I scorn  
To get a whore for any prince alive,  
And yet scorn will not help methinks. My daughter  
Might have been spar'd, there were e'now besides.

TIGRANES. May I not prosper but she's innocent  
As morning light for me, and I dare swear  
For all the world.

LYGONES.               Why is she with you then?  
Can she wait on you better than your man,  
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings,  
Can she make caudles well or cut your corns?  
Why do you keep her with you? For your Queen  
I know you do contemn her, so should I,  
And every subject else think much at it.

TIGRANES. Let 'em think much, but 'tis more firm than earth.

Thou see'st thy Queen there.

LYGONES. Then have I made a fair hand, I call'd her whore. If I shall speak now as her mother, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a Queen: but if I shall speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore.

TIGRANES. Get you about your business to Arbaces,  
Now you talk idly.

LYGONES.               Yes Sir, I will go,  
And shall she be a Queen? She had more wit  
Than her old mother, when she ran away.  
Shall she be Queen? Now by my troth 'tis fine,  
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding.  
Shall I not, Sir?

TIGRANES.    Yes, marry, shalt thou.

LYGONES. I'll make these withered kexes bear my body  
Two hours together above ground.

TIGRANES.                               Nay go,  
My business requires haste.

LYGONES.                               Good Heaven preserve you,  
You are an excellent King.

SPACONIA.                               Farewell good Mother.

LYGONES. Farewell sweet virtuous daughter,  
I never was so joyful in all my life,  
That I remember. Shall she be a Queen?  
Now I perceive a woman may weep for joy.     *Exit Lygones.*

TIGRANES. Come, my dear love.

SPACONIA.               But you may see another  
May alter that again.

TIGRANES.               Urge it no more,  
I have made up a new strong constancy,  
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have  
The passions of a man, but if I meet

With any subject that should hold my eyes  
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,  
And run away from it. Let that suffice.

*Exeunt all.*

### **Act V, Scene 3**

*Enter BACURIUS, BESSUS with the two SWORD-MEN.*

BACURIUS. Now fellows, your business?

BESSUS. My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen,  
My friends o'th' Sword along with me.

BACURIUS. I am  
Afraid you'll fight then.

BESSUS. My good Lord, I will not,  
Your Lordship is much mistaken, but for these Gentlemen, they come--

BACURIUS. To swear you are a coward, spare your book, I do believe it.

BESSUS. Your Lordship still draws wide, they come to vouch under their valiant hands I  
am no coward.

BACURIUS. Men of most valiant hands, is this true?

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. It is so, most renowned.

BACURIUS. 'Tis somewhat strange.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Lord, it is strange, yet true;  
We have examined from your Lordship's foot there,  
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;  
And we do find his honour is come off  
Clean and sufficient. This as our swords shall help us.

BACURIUS. You are much bound to your Bil-bow-men, I am glad you are  
straight again Captain; 'twere good you would think on some way to gratify them, they  
have undergone a labour for you, Bessus would have puzzl'd Hercules with all his valour.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Your Lordship must understand we are no men  
O'th' law, that take pay for our opinions.  
It is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

BACURIUS. Yet there is something due, which I as touch'd  
In conscience will discharge Captain. I'll pay  
This rent for you.

BESSUS. Spare yourself, my good Lord;  
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

BACURIUS. That's but a cold discharge, Sir, for the pains.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. O Lord, my good Lord.

BACURIUS. Be not so modest, I will give you something.

BESSUS. They shall dine with your Lordship, that's sufficient.

BACURIUS. Something in hand the while, you rogues, you apple-squires.  
Do you come hither with your bottled valour,  
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings? *Kicks them*

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. I do beseech your Lordship.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. O good Lord.

BACURIUS. S'foot-what a heavy of beaten slaves are here!

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. More of your foot, I do beseech your Lordship.

BACURIUS. You shall, you shall dog, and your fellow-beagle.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. O' this side good my Lord.

BACURIUS. Off with your swords, for if you hurt my foot,  
I'll have you flayed, you rascals.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Mine's off, my Lord.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. I beseech your Lordship stay a little,  
My strap's tied to my codpiece-point. *They take off their swords*  
Now when you please.

BACURIUS. Captain, these are your valiant friends. You long for a little too?

BESSUS. I am very well, I humbly thank your Lordship.

BACURIUS. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mongrel? Thy buttocks cannot be so hard. Out with it quickly.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Here 'tis Sir, a small piece of artillery, that a Gentleman, a dear friend of your Lordship's, sent me with, to get it mended, Sir, for if you mark, the nose is somewhat loose.

BACURIUS. A friend of mine, you rascal? I was never wearier of doing any thing, than kicking these two foot-balls. Captain, rally up your rotten regiment and be gone. I had rather thrash than be bound to kick these rascals, till they cry'd hold. Farewell, as you like this, pray visit me again, 'twill keep me in good health.

*Exit BACURIUS.*

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. H'as a devilish hard foot, I never felt the like.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Nor I, and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred.

BESSUS. Why, well enough I warrant you, you can go.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Yes, heaven be thanked; but I feel a shrewd ache, Sure h'as sprung my huckle-bone.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. I ha' lost a hanch.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Captain we must request

Your hand now to our honours.

BESSUS. Yes marry shall ye,  
And then let all the world come, we are valiant  
To ourselves, and there's an end.

1<sup>st</sup> SWORD-MAN. Nay then we must  
Be valiant. Oh, my ribs.

2<sup>nd</sup> SWORD-MAN. Oh, my small guts,  
A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes, they are murderers. *Exeunt*

#### **Act V, Scene 4**

*Enter ARBACES with his sword drawn.*

ARBACES. It is resolv'd, I bore it whilst I could,  
I can no more. Hell open all thy gates,

And I will thorough them: if they be shut,  
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place  
Where the most damn'd have dwelling. Ere I end,  
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,  
But I may call it mine. I must begin  
With murder of my friends, and so go on  
To that incestuous ravishing, and end  
My life and sins with a forbidden blow,  
Upon myself.

*Enter MARDONIUS.*

MARDONIUS. What Tragedy is near?  
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,  
But it cry'd "dead" to something.

ARBACES. Mardonius,  
Have you bid Gobrias come?

MARDONIUS. How do you, Sir?

ARBACES. Well. Is he coming?

MARDONIUS. Why Sir, are you thus?  
Why do your hands proclaim a lawless war  
Against yourself?

ARBACES. Thou answerest me one question with another.  
Is Gobrias coming?

MARDONIUS. Sir, he is.

ARBACES. 'Tis well,  
I can forbear your questions then. Be gone.

MARDONIUS. Sir, I have mark'd--

ARBACES. Mark less, it troubles you and me.  
I prithee get thee gone.

MARDONIUS. Sir, I will speak.

ARBACES. Will ye?



MARDONIUS. It is my duty.  
I fear you will kill yourself: I am a subject,  
And you shall do me wrong in't: 'tis my cause,  
And I may speak.

ARBACES. Thou art not train'd in sin,  
It seems Mardonius: kill myself! By Heaven  
I will not do it yet; and when I will,  
I'll tell thee then. I shall be such a creature,  
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.  
There is a method in man's wickedness,  
It grows up by degrees. I am not come  
So high as killing of myself, there are  
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,  
Which I must do, and I shall come to't at last.  
But take my oath not now, be satisfied,  
And get thee hence.

MARDONIUS. I am sorry 'tis so ill.

ARBACES. Be sorry then,  
True sorrow is alone, grieve by thyself.

MARDONIUS. I pray you let me see your sword put up  
Before I go. I'll leave you then.

ARBACES. Why so. *Sheathes his sword*  
What folly is this in thee, is it not  
As apt to mischief as it was before?  
Wilt thou now leave me?

MARDONIUS. Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts,  
I'll leave you though I fear.

ARBACES. Go, thou art honest. *Exit MARDONIUS.*  
Why should the hasty error of my youth  
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin  
Helpless upon me?

*Enter GOBRIAS.*

GOBRIAS. There is the King,  
Now it is ripe.

ARBACES. Draw near, thou guilty man,  
That art the authour of the loathedst crime  
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak;  
Curses more incurable, and all the evils  
Man's body or his spirit can receive  
Be with thee.

GOBRIAS. Why, Sir, do you curse me thus?

ARBACES. Why do I curse thee? If there be a man  
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,  
His worst wish on thee, thou hast broke my heart.

GOBRIAS. How, Sir? Have I preserv'd you from a child,  
From all the arrows malice or ambition  
Could shoot at you, and have I this for my pay?

ARBACES. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me,  
Only till thou hadst studied out a way  
How to destroy me cunningly thyself:  
This was a curious way of torturing.

GOBRIAS. What do you mean?

ARBACES. Thou knowst the evils thou hast done to me.  
Dost thou remember all those witching letters  
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,  
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,  
Where thou extol'st her beauty, So I doted  
Something before I saw her.

GOBRIAS. This is true.

ARBACES. Is it? And when I was return'd thou knowst  
Thou didst pursue it, till thou woundst me in  
To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection,  
As good men cannot think on.

GOBRIAS. This I grant,  
I think I was the cause.

ARBACES. Wert thou? Nay more,  
I think thou meant'st it.

GOBRIAS.                    Sir, I hate to lie.  
As I love Heaven and honesty, I did,  
It was my meaning.

ARBACES.                Be thine own sad judge,  
A further condemnation will not need,  
Prepare thyself to die.

GOBRIAS.                Why, Sir, to die?

ARBACES. Why shouldst thou live? Was ever yet offender  
So impudent, that had a thought of Mercy  
After confession of a crime like this?  
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in,  
But I can take revenge, that's all the sweetness  
Left for me.

GOBRIAS. Now is the time, hear me but speak.

ARBACES. No, yet Notwithstanding all thy sins,  
If thou hast hope, that there is yet a prayer  
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.

GOBRIAS. Sir, you shall know your sins before you do 'em,  
If you kill me.

ARBACES.    I will not stay then.

GOBRIAS. Know you kill your father.

ARBACES.                How?

GOBRIAS.                                You kill your father.

ARBACES. My father? Though I know't for a lie,  
Made out of fear to save thy stained life;  
The very reverence of the word comes cross me,  
And ties mine arm down.

GOBRIAS.                I will tell you that  
Shall heighten you again, I am thy father,  
I charge thee hear me.

ARBACES.                    If it should be so,  
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found  
A bastard issue, the despised fruit  
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire  
All my wild passions: but another truth  
Shall be wrung from thee: if I could come by  
The spirit of pain, it should be poured on thee,  
Till thou allow'st thy self more full of lies  
Than he that teaches thee.

*Enter ARANE.*

ARANE.                    Turn thee about,  
I come to speak to thee thou wicked man,  
Hear me thou tyrant.

ARBACES.                I will turn to thee,  
Hear me thou strumpet; I have blotted out  
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

ARANE. My shame! Thou hast less shame than any thing.  
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?  
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?

ARBACES. Cease thy strange impudence, and answer quickly  
If thou contemnest me, this will ask an answer,                *Draws his sword*  
And have it.

ARANE.    Help me, gentle Gobrias.

ARBACES. Think not of help, answer.

ARANE.                    I will, to what?

ARBACES. To such a thing, as if it be a truth  
Think what a creature thou hast made thy self,  
That didst not shame to do, what I must blush  
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,  
Whose son I am without all circumstance,  
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be  
If thou refuseth.

ARANE.           Why, you are his son.

ARBACES. His son? Swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd.

ARANE. By all that's good you are.

ARBACES.                   Then art thou all  
That ever was known bad, now is the cause  
Of all my strange mis-fortunes come to light:  
What reverence expectest thou from a child,  
To bring forth which thou hast offended heaven,  
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch,  
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me,  
I was thy lust which thou wouldst have forgot:  
Then wicked mother of my sins, and me,  
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases,  
As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed.

GOBRIAS. You do not know why you curse thus.

ARBACES.   Too well.  
You are a pair of vipers, and behold  
The serpent you have got.

GOBRIAS.           Why, but you are no bastard.

ARBACES. How's that?

ARANE. Nor child of mine.

ARBACES.   Still you go on  
In wonders to me.

GOBRIAS.           Pray you be more patient,  
I may bring comfort to you.

ARBACES.   I will kneel,   *Kneels*  
And hear with the obedience of a child.  
Good father speak, I do acknowledge you,  
So you bring comfort.

GOBRIAS.  
First know, our last King, your supposed father

Was old and feeble when he married her,  
And almost all the land, as she, past hope  
Of issue from him.

ARBACES.                   Therefore she took leave  
To play the whore, because the King was old.  
Is this the comfort?

ARANE.                    What will you find out  
To give me satisfaction, when you find  
How you have injur'd me? Let fire consume me,  
If ever I were a whore.

GOBRIAS.                 Forbear these starts,  
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,  
As you are now. If you can find a temper,  
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind  
That cools and blasts not.

ARBACES.                 Bring it out, good father.  
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently                   *Lies down*  
As to an angel. If I breathe too loud,  
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.

GOBRIAS. Our King I say, was old, and this our Queen  
Desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband  
She thought was past it, and to be dishonest  
I think she would not. But yet her cunning  
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with child,  
And when the time was full,  
She should be brought to bed, I had a son  
Born, which was you, this the Queen hearing of  
Mov'd me to let her have you. And such reasons  
She showed me, as she knew would tie  
My secrecy, she swore you should be King,  
And to be short, I did deliver you  
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,  
That night this Queen feign'd hastily to labour  
And by a pair of women of her own,  
Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe  
She was delivered of you. You grew up  
As the King's son, till you were six years old.  
Then did the King die, and did contrary

To his own expectation, left this Queen  
 Truly with child indeed, of the fair Princess  
 Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair  
 And did alone to me, yet durst not speak  
 In public, for she knew she should be found  
 A traitor: and her tale would have been thought  
 Madness, or any thing rather than truth.  
 This was the only cause why she did seek  
 To poison you, and I to keep you safe.  
 And this the reason, why I sought to kindle  
 Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,  
 That she might get part of her right again.

ARBACES. And have you made an end now? Is this all?  
 If not, I will be still till I be aged,  
 Till all my hairs be silver.

GOBRIAS.                      This is all.

ARBACES. And is it true say you too, Madam?

ARANE.                                Yes,  
 Heaven knows it is most true.

ARBACES. Panthea then is not my sister?

GOBRIAS.                              No.

ARBACES. But can you prove this?

GOBRIAS.                      If you will give consent,  
 Else who dares go about it?

ARBACES.                      Give consent?  
 Why I will have 'em all that know it rack'd,  
 To get this from 'em. -- All that wait without,  
 Come in, what ere you be, come in and be  
 Partakers of my joy, O you are welcome.

*Enter BESSUS, GENTLEMEN, MARDONIUS., And other ATTENDANTS.*

Mardonius, the best news, nay draw no nearer,  
 They all shall hear it, I am found no King.

MARDONIUS. Is that so good news?

ARBACES. Yes the happiest news  
That ere was heard.

MARDONIUS. Indeed 'twere well for you  
If you might be a little less obey'd.

ARBACES. One call the Queen.

MARDONIUS. Why she is there.

ARBACES. The Queen,  
Mardonius. Panthea is the Queen  
And I am plain Arbaces. Go some one,  
She is in Gobrias' house. Since I saw you  
There are a thousand things delivered to me,  
You little dream of.

*Exit 1<sup>st</sup> GENTLEMAN.*

MARDONIUS. So it should seem my Lord,  
What fury's this?

GOBRIAS. Believe me 'tis no fury,  
All that he says is truth.

MARDONIUS. 'Tis very strange.

ARBACES. Oh, the whole story  
Would be a wilderness to lose thyself  
Forever. O pardon me, dear father  
For all the idle and unreverent words  
That I have spoke in idle moods to you.  
I am Arbaces, we all fellow-subjects,  
Nor is the Queen Panthea now my sister.

BESSUS. Why if you remember fellow-subject Arbaces; I told you once she was not  
your sister: I, and she lookt nothing like you.

ARBACES. I think you did, good Captain Bessus.

BESSUS. *[Aside]* Here will arise another question now amongst the Sword-men, whether  
I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no King.



*Enter LYGONES.*

MARDONIUS. Sir here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state.

ARBACES. Where is she? I know your business, good Lygones.

LYGONES. We must have our King again, and will.

ARBACES. I knew that was your business. You shall have  
Your King again, and have him so again  
As never King was had. Go one of you  
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;  
And bring the Lady with him that Panthea,  
The Queen Panthea, sent me word this morning,  
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.

*Exit 2<sup>nd</sup> GENTLEMAN.*

LYGONES. 'Tis Spaconia.

ARBACES. Ay, ay, Spaconia.

LYGONES. She is my daughter.

ARBACES. She is so. I could now tell any thing  
I never heard. Your King shall go so home,  
As never man went.

MARDONIUS. Shall he go on's head?

ARBACES. He shall have chariots easier than air  
That I will have invented; and ne're think  
He shall pay any ransom, and thyself  
That art the messenger, shalt ride before him  
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,  
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,  
I know not how yet.

LYGONES. *[Aside]* Why I shall be made  
Forever! they belied this King with us,  
And said he was unkind.



